FLORIDA PEARL FISHING. A DAY'S OUTING WITH DIVER BEN HAWLEY OFF SHELL KEY.

hoolbey Diving in Shallow Blackwater Sound, but Work for a Professional in Bringing Up the Pearl Conchs in the Deep Plorida Stratts—No Fear of Sharks, BLACKWATER SOUND, Fla., Nov. 12.-The companionship of a lighthouse soon takes such hold of a man that he misses it when he goes out of its range. The saying of a Matacumbie man, "I should feel lonesome in New York, because I couldn't look out at night and see the old Alligator Light winking at me," is not mere sentiment: it is fact. From Matacumble, or Key Largo, one can look seaward at any hour of the night, and there is the star that never sets. No matter how dark the night or how stormy the weather, the light burns and says to the watchful islander, "Here are human beings and one man always awake and attending to his duty." It takes away the feeling of utter isolation from mankind, which very well sometimes in theory, but always uncomfortable in practice.

From Ben Hawley's bouse, on Shell Key, no light is visible, and that is a deprivation. Men of the keys wake up a dozen times of a night, partly on account of the mosquitoes d partly from the habit of keeping watch on shipboard; and when they wake it is not simply to turn over and drop off to sleep again, like people in a colder climate. They get up walk about, and go out to look at the weather, and generally light a pipe and sit down near the door and cogitate. Most of them are such constant smokers that complete ab from bedtime till sunrise is not to be thought of. The first one awake usually makes there is an hour's talk about tides and currents and sharples and new moons before sleep come again. In such midnight conclaves the blink of a lighthouse is equal to one more companio But when Ben Hawley takes his midnight pull at the pipe on his lonely estate, he has not this consolation. He looks out, when the moon shines, over a sheet of water on which no human being is astir. On stormy nights he looks out into a sea of blackness, with no mariner's star to bring cheer into his solitude.

To a stranger ready to absorb information, these midnight talks are valuable. When a man gets up in the night and lights his pipe, and says, "We are going to have a fine day to-morrow," and settles himself in a chair by the open door, he is not only ready but anxlous to talk. So when Ben Hawley, after going out and looking at the clouds, began to fill his pipe, the stranger joined him. The conversagradually drifted to the right point; weather led to the sea, the sea to conchs, and conchs naturally suggested pearls. Only a few questions were needed to set him going. Where do you sell your pearls, Mr. Haw-

lev?" the stranger asked. "Nearly always in Nassau," he replied. "When I go to Key West I take some along and casionally sell a few there, but that can hardly be called a market for pearls. They don't know much about them there, and for that reason I don't care to deal with them. Their dea is size, and I could sell them big pearls full of flaws for much more than their value if I cared to swindle them. Now in Nassau it is entirely different. There are dealers in Nassau who know to a sixpence what a pearl is worth in London, what it is worth in New York, and what it is worth on the spot. I know pearls as well as they do; in fact, I was in the business myself in Nassau for some years, so we come to terms without much trouble. There are at least two dealers in Nassau who buy all the pearls they can get, and once a year go to New York to sell them, and then on to London to sell what they cannot get their prices for in New York. Those are the men I sell to."

'Do they pay fair prices for what they buy?" "I think they do," the pearl fisher answered, "though opinions might differ about what is a fair price. It depends very largely upon whom they buy from. They pay me about one-half of what a pearl is worth in London, and that I consider fair. When they buy from men who know nothing about pearls, but have accidentally found a few, they pay perhaps a shilling in the pound; if a pearl is worth £10 in London, they will pay ten shillings for it."

Why do they pay you more than others?" "Of course I expected you to ask that question. It is a very natural one. They pay me more because I am a dealer in pearls myself. and I would not sell for less. I sell enough every year to make it an object, or at least to make it possible, for me to go to New York or London and sell to the dealers there. The cas-London and sell to the dealers there. The casual finder of a few pearls has not this advantage. He could not make a long sea voyage for the sake of selling, say, £10 or £5 worth of pearls, so he must take whatever the local dealers are willing to pay. I might make a little more, perhaps, by taking my pearls to the large markets; but it sives me a great deal of trouble to sell them in Nassau—a great deal of trouble and some risk. I could carry pearls from here to New York without any dealings with the Custom House, because this is an American island; but if I were to take them to London they would be dutiable, and they are dutiable when they go from Nassau to New York. No dealer in pearls, at least no dealer in this part of the world, ever expects to pay duty on his gems when he takes them into a foreign country. They are so small and so castly concealed that they are always smuggled. One of the largest dealers in Nassau has been smuggling pearls into New York every year for the last twenty or twenty-five years; that is one of the risks of the business. He has only been caught once in all that time, and then it was through the jealousy of a rival dealer, who wrote to the Collector in New York that the dealer would arrive in a certain steamer, with pearls concaled in his clotices or baggage. He was stopped and searched that time and the pearls were found, and it cost him several hundred dollars to recover them."

"And do you find enough pearls every year," the stranger asked, "to make it an object for you to go to New York or London to sell them if you chose?"

"Oh, no," the pearl fisher answered; "no content could find as means as the firm of the content of t ual finder of a few pearls has not this advan-

you to go to New York or London to self them if you chose?"

"Oh no," the pearl fisher answered; "no one man could find as many as that. I buy a great many of my pearls; that is why I tell you I am a dealer. Every fisherman among the keys is constantly on the lookout for pearls, and in the aggregate they find a great many, though no one man makes a very large find. I suppose that I buy about three-fourths of all that are found in these waters, for they all know that I am ready to buy, and I pay as much as they can get in Key West, except for large imperfect specimens. I do not care much for them, and they seil best in Key West."

At this stage there was a stir in the direction of Skipper Hall's mat and a voice from the inner darkness asked:
"Say, are you fellows color to a lease they had a pay as you fellows color to a lease they had a stage they are stoned as they are you fellows color to a lease they had a voice from the inner darkness asked:

of Skipper Hall's mat, and a voice from the inner darkness asked:
"Say, are you fellows going to palaver there all night? How do you expect a man to sleep here in this racket?"
The sound of a hand groping about in the dark, followed presently by the striking of a match and a cloud of smoke from a pipe, showed that the skipper was not altogether disconsolate.

match and a cloud of smoke from a pick showed that the skipper was not altogether disconsolate.

"I've been listening," he said to Hawley, "to the smooth way you explain your methods of doing business. You make a very slick story of it. I mirst admit. But the fact is great was an any of us about here has the story of it. I mirst admit. But the fact is likely pays us a shilling for it and taken. Havely pays us a shilling for it and taken. Havely pays us a shilling for it and taken it. Havely pays us a shilling for it and taken it. Havely pays us a shilling for it and taken it. Havely pays us a shilling for it and taken it. Havely such as the part fisher must be strictly honest; but you see, there are tricks in all trades." Well, that's all right, snit it?" Hawley sugled. You don't have to sell your pearls all glad enough. You will know the way. This is national pays the string pearl, you all know the way. This is national being his pays the pay

of the cities in," he laughed. "Your clocks are sometimes wrong, but our tides are always sure. The tide will be clean out by 8 o'clock; and as it's nearly half out now, it must be nearly five. When it's too dark to see the water, I can tell pretty close by the sound."

Within the half hour the sky was beginning to brighten, but tamely compared with the glorious way the early sun lights up the outer range of Islands. The Hawley house is on the western shore of Shell Key, and faces the west, so the beauty of a sunrise at sea is lost. The early morning swim, however, is as sgrateful in Florida Bay as off the outer beach of Matacumble or Largo. It is something to be looked forward to with pleasure; one of the joys of life. The early morning is shilly, and the water many degrees warmer than the air. That early swim is of far more account than breakfast, and the glow of it makes a man think with pity of the poor souls northward and some even southward) who have to resort to a cocktail for an eye-opener.

Breakfast came in two courses; the first course taken out under the troes after leaving the water, and the second in the house. A strong pull of cocoant water was the first thing, then a big pineapple to each man. After that a cup of hot tea and pienty of the inevitable hot biscuits, and nothing more.

"We will all go in my boat," said Mr. Hawley. "It's not worth while to take your boat along. As soon as I fill the water still lingered with the stranger, in pleasing contrast with the brackish, tepid spring water on the table, and he ventured to offer a suggestion.

"You are going to fill the monkeys from your spring, I suppose, and we will have the pleasure of drinking that vie stuff all day. It's the only bad thing on the keys, the water, and yours is about the werst of the lot. But why we don't drink that all the time, instead of the bad spring water? It's because we are too lazy to open the nuts; that's just the honest truth about it. But I don't mind labor at all when I have somebody here to do it for me, You an

About twenty nuts furnished water enough to fill both monkeys—water as clear and pure as any in the world; and the bulk of the labor of tapping them naturally fell upon Mr. Hall, for a stranger makes a poor hand at it.

"We will run through first into Hackwater Sound," the pearl fisher said, as he hoisted the sails of his sharpie; "then by Florida Bay, and afterward go out into deep water. That will show you the process of taking pearl concluder three different conditions—in shallow black water, in shallow clear water, and in deep water."

will show you the process of taking pearl conchis under three different conditions—in shallow black water, in shallow clear water, and in deep water."

The three men in the sharple were dressed substantially allke, in the regulation dress of the keys; thin cotton trousers rolled up, thinnest of cotton shirts, and old straw hats. It does not take long experience with boating in these warm waters to learn that this is the best costume that could be devised. There is sometising to wet a man every few minutes, and the thinner the clothes the sooner they dry. To be ready for a plunge overboard, the coatman has only to throw off his hat; and when he comes out of the water the hot sun dries his thin clothes in a few minutes.

Blackwater Sound is one of the many land-locked bays that are formed by the twisting and turning of the long and narrow keys. It is about five miles across in each direction, and as lonesome a bit of water as can well be in axined. There is no sign of life whatever, except an occasional bird far overhead; no flying fish, no turities to be seen, no boats, no houses visible on the shore. Washings from the surrounding keys have made a blackish deposition many parts of the bottom, and this dark bottom makes the water look dark. The vistor sees in a moment that it is the bottom that makes the outside water look on marvellously clear. There the bottom is pure white, and every fish and turtile can be seen, and they are company in the loneliest places; here the water is ust as pure, but the dark bottom gives the water the somber appearance of a Northern lake. The entrance to Hisckwater Sound from Florida Bay is through a shallow channel dotted with swampy mangrove islands.

"Here we are," Hawley said, as the boat ran into the Sound. "The peculiarity of this place of water is that it is nowhere more than nite feet deep. You can go all over it with a long pole, and you can't find a channel or a hole deep in than that. It shallows in some places to four feet, and the average is about seven feet. It is not m

several minutes.
"Maybe he's stuck it, the mud," the stranger

"Maybe he's stuck is, the mud," the stranger suggested.
"No fear of that," the skipper replied; "you'll soon see him now."
The words were hardly out of his mouth before the diver reappeared, close by the side of the boat, swimming with one arm. The other was bent in front of his chest and formed a pocket in which an armful of conches rested, he swam up and dropped six large conches into the boat, and saying. "I'll try it once more," disappeared again. He was gone nearly as long as before, but this time he had not the impetus of the plunge, and came up some distance astern, still swimming with one arm.

long as before, but this time he had not the impetus of the plunge, and came up some distance astern, still swimming with one arm.

"Put her about, Dave," he called, "and we'll run out through the cut. This will do for Blackwater to-day."

While the boat was going about and running up to him the diver lay as comfortably on the water as he might have lain on one of this coccannut mats. When the beat reached him he dropped four concis over the side, but kept his hands off until the stern came along and then climbed in; for a sharple is too narrow for a man to climb in over the side while she is adoat.

"Only ten, ch?" he said, after he had shaken the water from his hair. "That's not up to the average. I've brought up eighteen in two dives, often and often. But I noticed two or three there that looked as if they might pan out something."

"Can you see them and pick out the ones you want while you're under water?" the stranger asked.

"Just about as well as if they were lying on the beach," he answered. "They are just lying loose on the bottom, sometimes sinally and sometimes in beds, and of course I can pick out what I want. But I'll tell you what it is, friends, if you want to see any deep-water diving to-day we'd better not stop to fool with Florida Bay. We'll have all we can do to get out to green water and back home before dark. This shoal-water work is only schoolboy business, anyhow, If you care to see real pearl diving, I want to take you out in deep water."

"How would you like to try it off the Pickles. That's just what I want to do," the diver replied. "That's real work, off the Pickles. This diving here is only if for fishermensuch fellows as Dave, there," he added, with a wink to the stranger. "But you don't see them going down off the Pickles. That's the very outside edge of the reefs, where the bottom runs right off into the channol."

"How deep is the water off the Pickles." The stranger asked.

"Oh, you can have it about any depth you want," Hawley answered; "say from 30 feet to 250. The bottom com

ordinary fishermen don't care much to go down after them."

The Pickles are a collection of rocky islets lying out beyond the outermost keys, with the shoal water of the reefs on one side and the deep channel of the Straits on the other; and to reach them it was necessary to cross Florida Bay, run out through Tayernier Creek, and so across the outer reefs—a sail of some hours.

"We're none too soon," the diver said, when "We're none too soon," the diver said, when the sharple, with sails lowered, lay outside the

not need any drawing up. When he's ready to come he has only to let go of the stone, and he'll shoot up like a flash. It's no trouble to come up; the only difficulty is about getting down. I don't know just how deep the water is here, but if it's more than fifty feet a man would have hard work to get down without weights." The Prima Bonna Who Is to Disclos

weights. Mr. Hall was speaking the diver's bead appeared at the surface ten or fifteen feet away, and he immediately struck out for the boat.

While Mr. Hall was speaking the diverse head appeared at the surface ten or lifteen feet away, and he immediately struck out for the boat.

"You fellows draw up the stone while I unload." he said, resting with his hand on the side of the boat. "I may as well get a load while I'm about it." "How deep did you go?" the stranger asked, while Hawley took conch after conch from his bag and dropped them into the boat—twenty-two in all.

"It's about 15 fathoms here, 90 feet," he replied, "and it gives a man a buzzing in the head, but that soon goes off. This is one of the best conch beds along the whole ceast; I could fill the boat in no time." This stone of the best it was properly coiled, Hawley disappeared again. The period of submersion each time was estimated at about three minutes; and after the third descent Hawley climbed in over the stern and the stone was taken on board.

"That will do for to-day," he said, "for we have a long sail yet before suppor. I could show you some conchs from deeper water than this, but this shows you how the work is done. Sharks?" he repeated in answer to a question; "Humbug! I never think about them, and I guess they never think about me, so we have no trouble."

Darkness fell before the sharple reached Shell key, and the conche were piled up on the beach to wait till morning. Hawley is too old a hand at the business to have any great curiosity about his find. There might be a fortune in pearls lying there on the beach, but he slept unconcernedly on his occoanut mat till time came for the midnight smoke.

When the seventy conchs were opened and examined in the morning, they gave up one little yellowish pearl, that Hawley said would be worth about eight shillings in Nassau. It was to larger than a small pea, and imperfect; and it came from one of the gnarled conche of Blackwater Sound.

"I's all right," said the diver; "I've done many a day's work for less than that."

A POOL FULL OF SNAKES.

Discovery of a Sober Guide on a Mountain in the North of Maine.

FOXCROFT, Me., Nov. 16.-There are higher mountains in Maine than Boarstone, but none is more impressive in appearance than this massive eminence, which looms, fierce and beetling, against the sky, five miles beyond the head of Sebec Lake. Its isolation from the other mountains of the chain which fills the whole landscape in the north, as well as its bold, massive contours, and dark, bristling surface, makes it conspicuous and striking in appearance, and from every direction it can be seen at a distance of many miles. It has two peaks, with a long sag, or saddle ridge, between them In this lofty depression are several ponds of great depth, with no visible inlets or outlets. These pends, it has long been known, contain no fish, but that one of them is strangely and unpleasantly populated. John Robbins of Foxcroft, a man of sound mind, sober nabite, and unimpeached veracity, offers his testimony.

It was last September that Robbins was guide to a party of tourists making the ascent of Boarstone. They had taken a route different from that usually followed by the mountain climbers, and they prepared toward night to go into camp near one of the ponds in the depres-sion between the two peaks. Upon this pond, whose surface they could discern at the bottom of the deep basin which encloses it they relied for the water they would need for camp use Owing to the steepness and rocky character of its shores, it was difficult to get down to the water, but Robbins, carrying a camp kettle, succeeded in making the descent to the edge. There from a large rock he dipped up a kettle-

He did not much like the looks of the pond as een close at hand. The rocky walls that surcounded it were steep and forbidding, and derold of vegetation. The pool at the oblong in shape, 200 feet long by 100 feet wide. and even less attractive to view. The water, in which the rays of the sun were focussed from the basin-shaped walls of naked stone, was warm and somewhat stagnant. Over much of its surface a green scum was floating, and in the shallow parts was a growth of aquatic grass

shallow parts was a growth of aquatic grass. All over the surface appeared curlous, dark-tinted protuberances which, by appearance, might have been the buds and thick stems of some sort of aquatic plants.

Although he didn't at all like the water of the place, or the quality of it, considered with reference to culinary use, he stooped to pick up the kettle, preparatory to returning to camp. He dropped the bale of the kettle and started back in alarm.

"Jewhillikins jeeswax, what's that?" he ejaculated, staring down into the kettle in boundless surprise. "If it isn't a snake I'm a liar." In the kettle a snake, about fifteen inches in length, was swimming lithely round, occasionally craning its head over the edge of the vessel, as if calculating the advisability of going over if calculating the advisability of goin

length, was swimming littlely round, occasionally craning its head over the edge of the vessel, as if calculating the advisability of going over the side in the attempt to regain the pool. Robbins looked at the water spreading wide in the basin before him.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he gasped. "The pond's alive with 'em!"

It was even as he said. The queer, dark protuberances that he had seen above the surface were the heads and necks of live and healthy snakes, some lying still and others swimming actively about. Every movement he made seemed to set new detachments of the reptiles into motion, and he discovered groups of them in new places at each glance he gave around, it was no hallucination. He knew his own capacity, and the quantity and quality of the beverages consumed during the trip by the party, and he knew that his senses had not played him false. Robbins is not squeamish, but he bas the usual human prejudice against snakes, and this condition of things was too much for his nerves. He emptied the kettle and found his way up the rocks in haste. He went to hunting for a spring, and was content, when he found one at last, to fill his kettle by slowly gathered outpfuls rather than resort to the waters of the pool. Returning to camp he told his story, and its truth was verified by others of the party who had the curiosity to inspect the snake-infested pond.

The snakes are described as true water sorpents averaging from 18 inches to 2 feet in length. They are green of color, with a brown longitudinal stripe on each side of the body. Northern Maine is not prolific of snakes, and water snakes are infrequent, but here in the north at the altitude of this lofty mountain top the conditions offered by a pool sheltered from the wind and gathering the sunshine have brought into being a colony of reptiles that ordinarily would be looked for only in latitudes far to the south.

The pool is probably the same one discovered by a both Thorn Lougee.

for in a ring would be looked for only in latitudes far to the south.

The pool is probably the same one discovered by John Thorn Lougee, a taxidermist, who found it while collecting animal specimens and bird skins on the Sebec Mountains about twenty years ago. His description of it tallies almost precisely with that given by John Robbins.

RESTRICTIONS AT YALE.

Only Two Days to Be Allowed for the Promenade Festivities.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 16 .- The faculty of Yale University has limited the festivities of promenade week to two days. This action of the faculty is brought about by the excesses which have been indulged in more and more by each succeeding class in its effort to surpass its prede essor. To such extent did the large majority of the students give up their time to entertain ing friends that class rooms were deserted for a

ing friends that class rooms were deserted for a week, and the real work of the college was at a standstill. The expenses incurred by some students amounted to several hundred dollars.

The faculty have in several ways hinted that they would take the promenade matter in hand if the students did not, and, after the experience of last year, decided to act this year. Monday, Jan. 20, will be given up to the gies club concert and class germans, and the festivities will conclude with a ball on Tuesday evening. Here to fore the entire week until Saturday has been devoted to the festivities. The action of the faculty is generally approved by the students.

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ANIMAL EXTRACTS and NATHOLITHIC BALTS, at all Druggists. Send for Literatura. Sold by REGEMAN, 196 Broadway, N. Y. Broaklya. & PARADIS, 191 Putton st. (286) THE LATEST JULIETTE

MAR EDANCES SAVILLE AND HER SUCCESSES IN OPERA.

New Juliette at the Opening of the Opera Season To-morrow Night. Mme. Frances Saville is the new prima donna who will disclose a new Julicticat the opening of the opera season to-morrow evening. Mme. Sa-ville was born in America, but having been taken to Australia when she was eight months old, she has no recollection of the land of her nativity. Her parents were both musicians—her mother s singer, her father a violinist. They were on a

professional tour around the world when they settled for a time in San Francisco, where Mms. Saville was born. They took the infant to Melbourne in a few months, and she has always looked upon that city as her home. Early in this decade she was advised by Santley to proceed to England and put herself in training for concert and oratorio work.

Her voice had been cultivated by her mother, who, until Mme. Marchesi gave her some months' training in 1891, was her only musical instructor. Santley first heard her singing in a performance of "Eiljah" at Sydney, Australia, and was so struck by the beauty of her voice that he remonstrated with her people for keeping her talent buried at the antipodes. The result was that her husband finally took her to England. The next step was to go to Paris, to Marchesi, and nine months after her arrival on English soil she made her début as Juliette at the Théatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, Sept. 7 1802. She then sang at St. Petersburg, Moscow Warsaw, Berlin, and Monte Carlo, and in England, and a year ago made her debut at the Opéra Comique in Paris.



MME. SAVILLE. Mme. Saville is not in the least like a prime donna in her own drawing room, and was with great difficulty beguiled into talking of herself. One has to be content at first with general topics and the pleasure of looking at her, which latter is an entirely delightful privilege. The new prima donna is utterly charming. She is a pocket edition of Mary Anderson, with certain long lines corrected, curves deepened, and more dericate color tones. Her eyes are of the color of the dark sapphire which is black in the shadow. Her hair is bright chestnut and waves loosely back from a broad low brow. There is a little cleft in her chin, and half a dozen dimples belong to her smile. Mme. Saville tooks young. her flaure is girlish, and from her French mother she inherits a characteristic vivacity. "Is Juliette your favorite rôle, or do you like

others equally well?" the reporter asked. "Julicité is perhaps dearest from associations but I am also very fond of 'La Traviata.' My success in Violetta I feel is in a great measure due to the advice, I might almost say the instruction, given me by the great French actress Mme. Eugénie Doche, who created the part of Marguerite Gautter. She is a very old woman now, and, I believe, the oldest member of the Theatre Française. I will show you the photo graph of Mme. Doche as Marguerite in the first production of 'La Dame aux Camelias.'"

Mme. Saville exhibited an exquisite likeness of an etherially lovely creature, who might be the poet's ideal of the lily maid of Astelot rather than the unhappy heroine of Dumas's drama. The small head, with the hair parted and brushed in straight folds over the ears, the close, hood-like head dress, and the delicate oval face, lit by great, eloquent eyes, rose like a lily over a phenomenally long, slender, white throat. Nothing could be further from the present conception of Camille than this likeness of the famous actress, who first played the part years and years ago, and who was painted by a great artist at that time. The photograph bears the signature of Mme. Doche beneath an inscription making it a souvenir of the first appearance of her "dear young friend, Mme. Saville, in 'La Traviata' in Paris." Accompanying this picture was a letter containing the most flattering expressions of approval "from Marquerite Gautier to Violetta Saville."

"It was at this same performance," Mme. Saville continued, "that Mme. Ristori was present, and she sent me word to my dressing room that she had cried all through the second and fourth acts. She added that I need ask no more about her opinion than that! I think when those old-time artists praise one it may be considered quite sincere. It is not the language of compliment of to-day, and it gives me much satisfaction for that reason "

"I infer that Violetta makes a strong appeal to you dramatically as well as musically?"
"Oh! yes. I live the rôle as well as sing it and I am quite exhausted by the emotional strain. Some day I hope I shall learn to make others feel without feeling so intensely my self. I am told that is the best way. It save

Mmc. Saville sang " La Traviata" every other night for two months and two weeks a little over a year ago at the Opera Comique in Paris. rather a remarkable record for an old opera, revived to alternate with Calvé in "La Navar

rather a remarkable record for an old opera, revived to alternate with Calvé in "La Navarraise." The mention of Calvé worked like a charm, and the young prima donna launched into the most enthusiastic description of that singer's latest success. The most confirmed matinee girl could not have been more ardent. Desdemana is another favorite rôle of the new singer, one for the rendering of which Verdi himself has bestowed most gratifying commendation, and Maurel, the greatest 1400, wrote to the composer, "Saville is Desdemana." The reporter referred to a story that Santasza is a striking pendant to Mme. Saville's portrayal of Destemana.

"Oh! do not speak of it," Mme. Saville cried. "I do not like the nart. 'Cavalleria Rusticana' is a beautiful work. I enjoy hearing it; but would be very sorry to sing it again. For myself I dislike it much!"

Of Wagner Mme. Saville said "I love all his music to listen to, and what suits my voice I delight to sing. They are only two rôles, however. Eta and Elizabeth. Wagner seems so much more for the orchestra than for the voice.

"I have no method of study," she continued, answering another question, "nor any system of care of my voice. I simply take general care of myself, and when I am singing make everything subserve to that. I accept no nvitations. I go nowhere. In the morning I always atady. Then I must have exercise in the fresh air, which I often take by walking to rehearsals. I am very fend of riding."

"The bleycle?"

"No. indeed," with a little grimace; "a horse. Paris is all mad about the wheel and I am told so is New York; but I do not desire to ride one." Mme. Saville's apartment overlooks Central Park, where she is fond of walking. It suits her better, she says, to be apart from the busier down-town life, and the place had already been secured for her when she emerged from the fog and got of the belated ship a week ago Saturday.

"We found it as gloomy as London, but, now that the sun shines and I have seen the blue sky of America, which was promised me. I am sorry I The drawing room of Mme. Saville looks homelike with easy chairs, flowers, and pretty trifles scattered about a grand piano and nunumerous photographs and portraits of friends and celebrities; but it was a curious fact that there was no likeness of the fair hostess to be seen until one was produced in response to a request for a photograph for THE SUN. It represents her as Juliette.

THE NUMBER OF EPILEPTICS In the State of New York Available for

Craig Colony. Quite recently the State Board of Charities, through its representative, Dr. Charles S. Hoyt, can wassed the State to determine the number of epileptics in county and city almshouses available for transfer to the newly organized Craig Colony for Eplieptics in Livingston county. Dr. Hoyt reported 427 patients in these institutions. Feeling that this number by no means represented the actual number of epileptics available for admission to the colony, Dr. Frederick Peterson, President of the Board of Managers of Craig Colony, has instituted a special sepa rate inquiry among all sorts of public and charitable institutions, including not only the almshouses, but also hospitals, homes, protecto-ries, orphan asylums, and the like, and the figures presented by him in this more extensive canvass are as follows:

Epileptics in county poorhouses. 194
Epileptics in city almshouses 18
Epileptics in New York county almshouse, hospitals, homes, &c. 246
Epileptics in Kins county almshouse, &c. 39
Epileptics in various other public and charitable landtutions in the State (exclusive of almshouse). 70

In addition to these 502 epileptics, a careful inquiry elicited the fact that there are nearly 1.000 epileptics in insane asylums throughout the State of whom, at the very lowest estimate 15 per cent, are available for residence unde the moderate restrictions of Craig Colony, mak ing an additional 150 patients. Moreover, nearly 100 letters of application

have been received by officers of the colony from epileptics not in almshouses, asylums, or other institutions, but nevertheless poverty stricken and eking out some sort of miserable existence on the charity of friends.

The number, then, immediately available for the beneficent advantages of Craig Colony may be recapitulated thus:

Number of epileptics available for Craig Colony in peorhouses, hospitals, and other public insti-tutions in the State. Number available from insane asylums (a moder-

.619 It need hardly be said that these figures really It need hardly be said that these figures really fall short of the actual number of epileptics in the State of New York who should ultimately receive the benefits of the State's newest and greatest charity, for physicians familiar with the services in out-door departments of hospitals and in the poor dispensaries of our cities know that very large numbers of epileptics come under their observation every year, epileptics without occupation, dependent upon charity and occasional temporary employment, or supported in idleness and misery by hard-working but equally poor relatives, and it is safe to say that the number of these descript unfortunates in New York city alone must aggregate between 300 and 400.

DEER HUNTING BY LOCOMOTIVE. The Reason Some Adirondack Raticond

Once in a while the engineer of a train on Dr. Seward Webb's Adirondack railroad has a ace with a deer. Sometimes it happens that the frightened deer won't leave the track and is killed. One night in September, when Pat Cummings was pulling the through train down o Utica, he walked back to Conductor Clarke, while his fireman was taking water at Nehosene,

"Bill, I killed a deer back there by the river. It was a fine big buck. He run ahead of me for s long piece, and I could see him plain. When I hit him he went up over the pilot higher'n he ever jumped before in his life, I bet. He landed just out there in the ditch, and I had a notion to stop and get him, but I was afraid you'd kick."

stop and get him, but I was afraid you'd kick."
"I wish you had stopped," said Clarke. "The
next time you catch a deer that way you stop.
It won't take so long to get him, and we can
easily make up the time. Deer meat is too
scarce and too high to let it go like that."
Cummings said he surely would stop the next
time, and Clarke got the agent to telegraph to
the agent at Horseshoo to send the section men
down to the river with their hand car to get the
deer. It was after 11 o'clock, but the section
men started out, and after a smart pull got
down to the river. They looked a long time, but
could flud no deer. Up and down the track they
went, and at last were just about to give up in
disgust when one of the men found it. It lay
out on the bank of the ditch beside the track.
It was a fine large yellow dog. t was a fine large yellow dog.

Now if you ask l'at Cummings if he has killed, deer lately you want to be ready to dodge, and odge mighty quick, for Pat is a husky citizen.

THE SUPREME COURT BARS KODAKS.

A Sasp Shot Taken at Justice Gray While He Was Dozing on the Bench. WASHINGTON, Nov. 16 .- Visitors and tourists are not allowed to take kodaks into the Supremo Court room. It is said that the dignified members of that high judicial tribunal were deeply mortifled recently by the report that a kodak flend took a snap shot at Mr. Associate Justice Gray of Massachusetts, while he was "dozing on the bench. Judges of the Sapreme Court frequently take "forty winks" during the arguments if the talk happens to be uninteresting. but they manage to conceal the fact from all but the closest observers. Justice Gray is the tallest member of the court and for that reason he is the most conspicuous, besides he has a peculiarly shaped head, which always attracts peculiarly shaped head, which always attracts attention and elicits comment from visitors. Unfortunately for Mr. Justice Gray, he is more given to "nodding on the bench" than any of his associates, and when he takes a nap his head fails low upon his breast, his mouth hangs open, and he could not trethfully be called a "alceping beauty." It was during one of his naps that the kedak flend got in his work. Naturally Mr. Justice Gray is very sensitive on the subject, and he was further mortified one day by receiving a severe reprimand from his wife. She had taken some friends to the Capitol to witness the proceedings of the court, but principally to show off her husband in his rich silk kown. It so happened that the case pending before the court was dull and the attorneys uninteresting, so that when Mrs. Gray and her friends entered the court room Judge Gray was

A HIGH CASTE CHINESE BARY. How the Infant Son of Consul-General Hau Looks in Swaddling Clothes,

friends entered the court room Judge Gray was sound asleep in his chair.

This is a photograph of the first high caste Hsu Nai Kuang, the Chinese Consul-General, and this distinguished stranger opened his eyes on Occidental civilization on Thursday, July 25. His nostrils were saluted with the odors of insense, and there were other mystic ceremonies to welcome him, but he was swaddled in a new set of American baby clothes, and combined in this fashion deference to his sovereign, the Em-peror of China, and the land of his birth.



GAME IN ALASKA.

One Hunter Disgusted at Getting Only Moose, Nome Big Horn, and a Bear. So many reports of plenty of game in the Yukon territory in Alaska have been circulated that last spring Mr. Chris Henne, a student of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University in Californis, determined to pass his summer vacation in a hunting trip up the Yukon. Mr. Henne had hunted big game in various parts of the

in a hunting trip up the Yukon. All Helman had hunted big same in various parts of the country, and he knew how to go about it. He went to Juneau, and outfitted there with a party of miners who were going in to try the placer diggings at Sixty Mile and beyond.

Mr. Honne has just returned to Juneau disgusted. He came out by way of St. Michael and Oounalaska, because there wasn't enough game on the pass trails to make it worth while to make thebarry. He was displeased because he had succeeded in killing only one moose, some mountain sheep, and a bear. Nobody in this country has yet devised any better sport for a hunter than killing mountain sheep. They are might few and mightly wary, and it takes harder work and more skill to get one than it takes to kill say other North American came animal, not even excepting a grizzly bear.

Hesidea Mr. Henne's moose there was brought out to Juneau by an Indian mail carrier the antiers of a moose shot this summer at Sixtymile Creek. They are the finest antiers ever seen in Alaska. They stand 4½ feet high, have fifteen points, and weigh more than fifty pounds.

LIGHT ON THE MAYAN RECORDS. The Alleged Discovery of a Key by Which the Hieroglyphics May Be Rend,

From the San Francisco Examiner.

the Hieroglyphies May Be Rend.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The brilliant success of Mr. Joseph T. Goodman in deciphering the Maya hieroglyphics is not surprising to the friends who have known the inexhaustible patience, the tireless industry, and the resourceful ingenuity that he has devoted to the work; but it will startle the general public to learn that one of the greatest achievements of modern science has been thus unobtrusively wrought out.

Mr. Goodman, from all accounts, appears to have found the key by which all the inscriptions left by the ancient civilized inhabitants may be interpreted. Of course that does not mean that he has ilmoself read all, even of those hieroglyphics that are available in fac-simile. That will be a task for many patient students, and when it is done there will remain the still more extensive work of making reproductions of the inscriptions that remain buried in the forests of Gustemala and Vucatan, and which no camera has ever approached. But Mr. Goodman has cleared the way, and any sufficiently trained investigator can wak in it after him. The hints he has already let fall of the abysmal antiquity of the Mayan civilization will make the complete exploitation of all the surviving historical material the most fascinating undertaking that can engage the attention of anthropologists.

The condition of this Mayan problem suggests some interesting reflections about our own civilization. The Mayas had voluminous records on perishable materials, and doubtless thought that these would survive, or be copied, to the end of time. They did not reckon with the Spanish conquest, which brought destruction to almost all the writings on cloth and skins that existed at that time and left us to reconstruct the history of the vanished native civilization from the monumental inscriptions cut in rock too solid for the indolent conquerors to destroy.

Mr. Goodman states that the chief need at present for the study of Mayan history is the accumulation of more material from the forests of Centr

it should be undertaken by the California Academy of Sciences. The opportunity to prove its fitness for the custody of Lick's noblegift is one that the academy should welcome. There is no other way in which it could carve a place for itself and for California in the regard of the scientific world at so little expense.

AN ENGLISH EDITOR WHO GOT LEFT. He Knew the Owner of the Railroad an

on Engine Had to Return for Him. When Mr. Cust, editor of William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Gazette, was in New York at the time of the Valkyrie-Defender finish, foul, and fizzle, he went up to the Ad!rondacks for some fishing and shooting. Mr. Cust travelled with a good dea of luggage, and the backwoodsmen at Childwold, where he lett Dr. Webb's railroad, were inclined to grin at the sight of a man going into the woods with so many grip-acks and bundles. But the Englishman was not disturbed. He had a good time and got some good game. When he got ready to come out of the woods he went back to Childwold with all his boxes, bags, and portmanteaus. He intended to take the day train for New York, which was due at Childwold about 120 clock. When the train pulled into the station Mr. Cust stood on the platform with his luggage piled up around him. Conductor Clarke saw him there, but when Mr. Cust made no motion to board the train Clarke gave the signal to Pat Cummings, the engineer, to go ahead, and Pat did, leaving Mr. Cust standing on the platform.

Now it happened that Mr. Curt was the guest of Dr. Seward Webb, who owns the Adirondack Railroad. When the train pulled out and left him he told the station agent who he was, and then followed some lively telegraphing. When the train got to Horseshoe Fond. Conductor Clarke got orders from headquarters to uncouple his engine and go back to Childwold for Mr. Cust. The run back up the road was made in lively time. Mr. Cust and his boxes were put into the cab, and the engine raced back to Horseshoe Pond, where the surprised plassengers were wondering what on earth had happened. Mr. Cust wasn't at all put out. It was a new experience for him, and he rather enloyed it. wold, where he left Dr. Webb's railroad,

Cust wasn't at all put out. It was a new experience for him, and her ather enjoyed it.

"I was rightly left," he said to Conductor Clarke; "It was quite right. I was there with my luggage, you know, but when the train came in I saw he porter or guard, and there was no one to put me aboard. I've not been here before, you know, and I'm not familiar with your damned American methods of railroading. I was rightly left, rightly left."

MORAN'S MIGRATORY HEART. After Much Shifting About It Has Settled Down on the Right Side.

From the Sun Francisco Eruminer.

Frederick Moran is an inmate of the County Infirmary, and since he has been there his heart has been shifting from one side to the other, and has finally wound up on the right side of his body, where it seems to have located a claim with intent to remain permanently.

Moran lived in Chicago when this peculiar action of the heart began. It was a restless, shifting organ, moving from side to side in a manner most perplexing and confusing to physicians. Mr. Moran found himself having considerable trouble, but he did not imagine that his heart was wandering around in this remarkable fushion. When he came to this const he settled in Alameda. Here his heart began wandering from side to side, and this so disturbed Mr. Moran's internal arrangements that he became quite sick. He was sent to the County Infirmary for treatment, and when he got there Resident Physician Clark made a thorough examination of his physical condition. Dr. Clark noted that his heart seemed to be a little out of plumb, and he watched the case closely.

While Mr. Moran remained in the County Infirmary his heart kept on its travels and finally located fiself permanently upon the right side. During this time Moran suffered some, but Dr. Clark's treatment prevented any serious results. Moran became accustomed to the new order of things and he is now to be discharged from the hospital and will go back to work. From the San Francisco Examiner.

discharged from the hospital and will go back to work.

It is unusual that the heart should shift from one side to the other without causing death.

Dr. Clark says that he has only heard of three similar cases, and that the shifting of the heart in Moran's case has been complete.

Violent Deaths for fler Five Husbands.

From the Cincinnati Tribune.

From the Cincinnati Tribune.

Yesterday morning there was released from the Cincinnati workhouse a woman whose blanched cheeks and decrepit gait told plainly the rapidly approaching end of her career. Her name is Mary Clarke. She had been serving a four month's sentence for loitering, which would have expired in December, but owing to the near approach of death from consumption she was released, that she might die outside of prison walls.

Her history is a strange one. She has been married five times, and each of her husbands had met with a violent death.

She was born in New Castle, Pa., in 1852, and was the daughter of Samuel Trar of that city. At the age of 17 she deserted her home and went to Fittsburgh to live, where she met and married Joe Craiglow, a salior, who was shortly afterward drowned at Buffalo, N. Y. Her next matrimonial venture was with Hugh Mullien, a rolling mill hand in Fittsburgh, who accidentally fell upon some hot metal and was burned so badly that he died.

She came to Cincinnati in 1871, and shortly after was her a first here here and went West. He was shot in a fight and killed at Pepular Blurf, Mo. Her next husband was John Honer, a bricklayer, living in the West End. Honer was a hard drinker, and during an attack of delirium tremens he took bolson and ended his existence. Thomas Clarke, a hostier, employed by Pat O'Horn on Sixth street, then married her, but ere the honeymoon had passed a horse which he was grooming kicked him, breaking three ribs and injuring him internally, from the effects of which he died.

CONSUL-GENERAL HSU'S YOUNG HEIR.

The exact hour of his birth was cabled to Pekin after the difference in time between that point and New York had been ascertained, and to one of the famous astrologers of China was entrusted the task of casting his horoscope. The baby clothes were not significant of the young man's future, for when his education is commenced it will conform to that of his own country.

PURE WINES and LIQUORS

Wood Alcohol 90 Holland Gin, No. 8 97 50 Storm kings 2 stores kings 30 Holland Gin, No. 8 97 50 Storm kings 2 stores kings 30 Holland Gin, No. 8 97 50 Storm kings 2 stores kings 30 Holland Gin, No. 8 90 Holla

between Japan and China, and its such is seen here only when the National Guard or the regulars turn out in full, with the ambulance corps in attendance. It- motto is "Humanity and Neutrality," and, though in times of peace the "neutrality" may mean little, the 'humanity' means much, and the Red Cross is carrying on its work quietly and effectively in this city. So quietly is it done that knowledge of it is far from general in the city. Physicians know of it; so do the police of the west side, but beyond their circles it is little known. Yet for the last three years it has been doing a great work, not only in training young women to become Red Cross nurses, but also in helping the sick and injured poor. Its house at 233 West 100th street is at once a training school and a hospital. It is known as the New York Red

NEW YORK'S RED CROSS.

WORK OF THE PAMOUS HOSPITAL

SOCIETY IN THIS CITY.

Ready to Answer the Call of Humanity

Anywhere, at a Coment's Notice, and Without Price-A Curious Bit of Aid,

Battlefields and all the accompaniments of

war are the natural associations with the sign

of the Red Cross, It is heard of mainly in

such historical events as the recent struggle

All the civilized pations of the world recognize the Red Cross, and hold its privileges inviolable on the field of battle. When the American National Red Cross became a part of the international organization, Miss Clara Barton, who began her work of humanity nursing the wounded in the civil war, represented the Stars and Stripes. Since then hers has been the most prominent name in the American organization, of which she is President. It was she who organized the training school in 1892, and she was present on Thursday at the first graduating exercises of the nurses, and spoke at the exercises. The hospital and training school is the only place in the country where Red Cross nurses are specially trained. While originally the Red Cross was particularly for the care of those wounded in battle, and hence mainly surgical, the training in the hospital is medical and surgical equally, since all ginds of emergency cases are treated. At present the New York Red Cross is a local institution, and was originally projected by New Yorkers, who called Miss Barton to their aid in the work of organizing. In event of war its nurses and loctors would go to the ends of the earth if their assistance was wanted. Its work now is the treatment of any and

cross Institute, and is under the patronage of

the American National Hed Cross.

all urgent cases to which its attention is called. Its nurses and physicians are ready at all hours, day or night, not only to attend to cases in the hospital, but if required to go to the homes of the sufferers and care for them there for charity's sake. In this it is unique. No discrimination is made in regard to the persons treated. That a man is ill and suffering is enough recommendation to the New York Red Cross. Once it is known to them, all their resources are at his disposal free of any charge. Both the doctors and the "Sisters of the Red Cross," as the nurses are called, pledge themselves never to refuse a call, and always to give the greatest possible care to all cases, no matter what the circumstances may be, without remuneration. Not inappropriate is the name of "Sister," for these devoted women, besides this pledge of charity, give a pledge of implicit and unquestioning obedience to the Sister Superintendent and to Miss Barton, the head of the order. Not only this, but they must hold themselves in readiness to go to any distance in case of war, famine, flood, fire, pestilence, or any calamity sufficient in magnitude to be regarded as of national import. For this reason they are expected, even after graduation, to they are expected, even after graduation, to keep those at headquarters constantly advised as to their movements, so that, like soldiers, they can be relied upon to respond to any call. At present there are eight nurses and the Sister Superintendent, Miss Bettina A. Hofker. These "Sisters" must be of unquestionable character, and have an ordinary high school education, or pass an examination showing them to be possessed of requisite intelligence. them to be possessed of No examination can sho the peculiar attributes that go to make a successful nurse-patience, definess, untiring vigilance and zeal, and courage. To deterourage. To deconstant training From that time she has constant training and practice, such as any hospital rurse gets, with this in addition, that she is specially instructed in wounds of various kinds to prepare her for war work. During their time of service—three years—the candidates are required to give up their whole time to the work, either at the hospital or wherever they may be sent. For this they receive it their circumstances. are such that the mone \$7 a month during the the second, and \$13 do conclusion of the course amination, after which fledged, trained Red Course

fledged, trained Red Cross Sisters, and they may easily get \$3 or \$4 a day for their services outside if they so choose, but they must always be ready to answer the Red Cross call. Or, if they prefer, they may stay in the hospital after graduation.

Among the candidates there is always a mild rivairy for the worst cases. A nurse will come in full of professional cultation to tell her companions that she has on hand "a boautiful typhold case," or has been called out to nurse what "looks delightfully like a malignant diphtheria case." This might seem like heartless levity to one who does not know the infinite patience, and self-devotion and kindness of these young women. Their pleasure is all in the medical aspects of the case, the "stern joy that warriers feel in foremen worthy of their steel," for disease is the enemy which they fight, and for the patient key have nothing but pity and tenderness. Surgical cases are particularly prized as offering practical examples of what would be the greatest duty of the Red Cross should occasion come. Should war come, the medical instincts of the Sisters would rise up in joyonsness, even while the woman's heart would spink from the prospect.

Since its founding, three years ago, 402 cases have been treated by this organization. Of these 200 were medical, low were important surgical operations, and 42 cases minor operations. No case is too small for the hospital to take if other treatment is lacking. It has even had a number of patients of the genus classified under the Police Court heading of drunk and disorderly, and turned them out both sober and orderly. An illustration of this was furnished by a very intercated man who cut his head open against the pavement, almost in front of the hospital one evening. A policeman came and grabbed him for taking another headlong dive. The officer put him down gently and started to send in an animal account. He had picked nimself up and was in the actor taking another headlong dive. The office put him down gently and started to send in an if he didn't the man might fore he could make any detthe Red Cross appeared.
"I'll help you carry him in," she said.
"But he's drunk, ma'am."You don't take drunks, de "Certainly," replied the any case that needs care. Cot Together they got the man where his head was sewed by "Now, what'll I do?" about it."
"I'll tell you," said the get you've arrested him, and to you to morrow as good want to arrest him again the And she kept her worthere the next day and forms im: bring him right said the officer. he's bleeding. turn him over new. If you thy, you can."

want to arrest him again
And she kept her wor
there the next day and fe
sober, and with his head b
he wantest to go to court a
"Well, ma'am," said
can tay is that I wish t
hospitals on every block.
Often the hospital is cr man perfectly. He said that as one of your but the rule is Often the hospital is created turn no one away, and somewhere, even if one give up hera. For some few demands upon it, but calls than can be attended tion wants more nurses upon it. The New York ed by the memberahip du The Board of Directors, public, says: "The succetions in other countries."

idreas to the dred institucly depended in the very control of the second with them and other percond we have se of its rese of its recondens of its rese of its reseria.

Miss Betlent; Dr. A.
an Advisory
orge C. Barces H. Rayitselan Comartow. There